

The GIRL and the GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

Author of "Whispering Smith," "The Mountain Doctor," "Secretary of Great Railroads, Etc." Copyright, 1915, by Frank H. Spearman. Produced by Signal Film Corporation. Distributed by Mutual Film Corporation. Now to be seen in all leading Motion Picture Theatres.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

The car was running too far and too fast, and springing to the door he pulled it open to see what Helen was doing in the cab. A glance told him the story. "We're running away," he cried to Rhinelander, who joined him. Storm sprang for the side ladder. Helen was alive to the new danger to her friends. But how to help them taxed, for an instant, her ingenuity. To chase them with the engine, as they were headed for the main line, might end in a more serious disaster than now seemed imminent. The main line passenger train was almost due at Baird, and the thought of this fact was first in Helen's mind. Near where she stood was Beagre's motor car, the one her abductors had used only a few days before. She ran to this and springing into the seat, turned over the engine, accelerated as fast as she dare, and was off in pursuit of the runaway. She was about halfway across the station before she possibly could catch the wild car, and, pulling the cushions from the seat beside her, scurried hastily across it with a piece of chalk:

RUNAWAY CAR FROM CUT-OFF ON MAIN LINE. STOP PASSENGER GEAR AT BAIRD.

With this in her hands as she tore past Arden station, she rose to her feet, balanced herself with an effort and flung the cushion with all the force she could summon through the operator's window.

On the deck of the runaway car storm had seized the wheel.

She might have saved his companions and himself even then had not the chain weakened by rust snapped under the tremendous strain put on it.

The deck became impossible and to avoid being shot off, Storm climbed down the swaying ladder again into the car.

At Arden station the astonished operator had just time to dodge Helen's flying motor car cushion as it smashed through the window. It landed on the floor. The chalk scrawled on the top caught his eye.

In the despatcher's office the chief was sitting at his desk and despatcher was on his trick at the instrument. He answered Arden instantly, took the startling message,

walked hurriedly over to the chief and handed it to him:

H. C. W. Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.

The despatcher sprang to his train sheets and back with them to the chief, who dictated the only possible answer:

Passenger left Baird four minutes ago.

It was too late to avoid a collision. The car could not wait the issue.

With Arden station left far behind, Helen, making the utmost possible speed in Seagrue's machine, scanned the track ahead for a glimpse of the wild car. Resolved at any cost to overtake it, she was running the machine on the right of way and on the track itself. The conductor saw the distance the oncoming passenger train was traveling, for a moment closing close about. Storm, running back to the track, cleared it hurriedly of the obstructions. The engineer of the train, seeing trouble, tried to check his train, but it was too late, and Storm, to save himself, dropped down between the ties and held there till the heavy train came along. Not quite so relieved, however, more relieved than the man in the passenger cab, when he saw himself safely across. He stopped his train. From the foot of the bridge, Helen, Spike and Rhinelander were making their way to the top and went with Storm, while the two passengers were stuck. The engineer angrily told the conductor the trouble. But after Storm's brief story he was as grateful as he had been indignant.

The conductor, knowing the anxiety among the despatchers, urged his passengers on board and the train started on. The moment it passed into Arden, the conductor gave the details to the operator and the latter wired headquarters.

In the despatcher's office it was the chief himself who jumped to the instrument when he heard the Arden call. It was the chief who took the message, calling for Helen and the conductor and saved the train. But the chief as he wiped his face with his handkerchief, reflected that it was only another incident in the day's work in the yard, happily, instead of tragically, closed.

At the bridge Spike was trying to express his gratitude to the man who had rescued him. They left the scene together in the commanded

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Checks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician.

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel diseases. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets; you will know them by their olive color.

These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowel which cause a normal action, carrying off the waste and poison from the system and giving relief.

If you have pale face, yellow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, headache, or indigestion, go to see Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.

Thousands of women, as well as men, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, not only just to keep in the pink of condition, but also to keep the oil in their hair.

The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.—Adv.

machine and dropped to the ground. A bridge spanned an arroyo just ahead. Running forward, Storm caught up such loose rocks as he could reach and placed them along the track. Helen, choosing a negotiable point, turned her machine counter-clockwise off the right of way and steered it down the embankment. The outfit careered the rocks Storm had thrown on the track. It reeled, plunged wildly into the air and shot headlong over the bridge to the bottom of the arroyo.

In the distance the oncoming passenger train was traveling, for a moment closing close about. Storm, running back to the track, cleared it hurriedly of the obstructions. The engineer of the train, seeing trouble, tried to check his train, but it was too late, and Storm, to save himself, dropped down between the ties and held there till the heavy train came along. Not quite so relieved, however, more relieved than the man in the passenger cab, when he saw himself safely across. He stopped his train. From the foot of the bridge, Helen, Spike and Rhinelander were making their way to the top and went with Storm, while the two passengers were stuck. The engineer angrily told the conductor the trouble. But after Storm's brief story he was as grateful as he had been indignant.

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YOUTH'S OVERCOATS ALSO REDUCED

Cheviot overcoats—and mixtures—fitted or swagger models—lined and plaided—lined and unlined—plaid or check.

Were \$3.98.....\$2.50

Were \$4.98 and \$5.98.....\$3.50

Were \$9.98 and \$11.98.....\$7.50

Also in GIRLS' Dept.

Bloomer Dresses—excellent quality

Chambray—pink, blue or green

Trimmed with pretty striped

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White Dresses—large assortment

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new lace and embroidery trimming

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New Spring Tab Dresses—gingham,

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Cheviot Lot of Big Dresses—

white, blue, pink, etc.—some

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Matinee Luncheon

12 to 2.....\$4

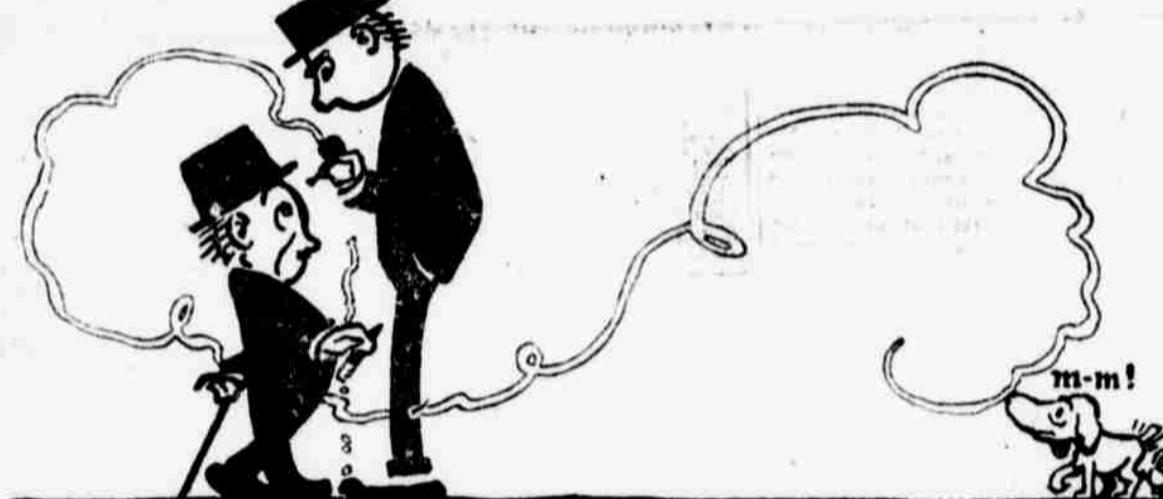
Chicken Creole on Toast

French Roll

Sliced Bananas, Whipped Cream, or

Neapolitan Ice Cream

Tea, Coffee or Milk.



No, Philbert, I am not a-arguing with you.
I'm just a-telling you

—when you want a real smoke, get behind a pipeful of Tuxedo and watch all the big and little Worries that have been a-besieging you, evacuate their trenches and make a rushin' advance to the rear. Those fragrant whiffs of "Tux" make them feel too joyful—no self-respecting Worry can stand for that.

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The combination of the best smoking-tobacco leaf in the world and the best method ever discovered for refining and mellowing tobacco puts Tuxedo in a class by itself.

Kentucky's ripest, mildest Burley leaf, when treated by the original "Tuxedo Process" loses every trace of bite—develops a wonderfully pleasing fragrance and flavor that are not found in any other tobacco.

No other manufacturer knows the "Tuxedo Process"; that's why no imitator ever equals Tuxedo!

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Convenient, glassine wrapped, 5c
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Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket

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In Tins Humidors, 40c and 80c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

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Trimmed with pretty striped

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White Dresses—large assortment

Chambray and galatea—smart

new lace and embroidery trimming

combinations—\$1.00 to 10.00

New Spring Tab Dresses—gingham,

Chambray and galatea—smart

plaid, checks and stripes—

buttoned models with bows, middy

waist and trimmings—also new

smocked effects—

plain or fitted skirts—numerous styles—

sizes 6 to 14 yrs.....\$8 to 3.98

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plain or fitted skirts—numerous styles—

sizes 6 to 14 yrs.....\$8 to 3.98

Also in Girls' Dept.

Bloomer Dresses—excellent quality

Chambray—pink, blue or green

Trimmed with pretty striped